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try people denominate "the Chapel." The gable is composed of solid rock, and the masonry, though rude, proves that the architect was acquainted with the principle of forming arches. The ingenious author of "Paul Jones" more than hints that this retired, and all but inaccessible spot, was the residence of a weather-wise hermit, a sort of male Norma of the Fitful-Head, who gave good advice to *Rob M'Gubb*, and others; but the traditions of Kirkmaiden which I carefully inquired into, point to a very different conclusion. In a fragment of rock near "the Chapel," the waves have hollowed out a circular well, which, whether the tide ebbs or flows, is always filled with the purest water. And thither the natives, on the first of May, were in the practice of conveying sickly children, while the holy man who *wonned* in the chapel received a fee, and muttered a benediction before performing the ceremony of ablution. Behind the chapel, which is roomy enough to have contained a small band of catholic worshippers, a cave appears, which has evidently been dug by "no mortal hand;" and whatever may have been its original destination, a suspicion exists, that the smugglers who formerly abounded on the coast, turned it at one time to good account. So late as 1822, tobacco and spirits were seized to the amount of £1,500; but now that the gentlemen of the Preventive service visit every creek, and out-manœuvre every suspicious sail, the smuggler's occupation is greatly in abeyance, if not, like Othello's, entirely gone.

"In concluding this notice of the Mull of Galloway, I may mention, that fragments of warlike instruments, such as the fastenings of rude scabbards, are frequently ploughed up in the fields adjoining; and that a tradition still lingers in Kirkmaiden, that the narrow neck of land which leads to its head, and still discovers strong traces of entrenchment, formed the last sad retreat of the Picts, when expelled from the more hospitable regions of Scotland. Their numbers at this time were greatly thinned, and in place of a veteran male commander, they were headed by a maiden or widowed queen. When about to bid adieu to our mountains and moors, her Majesty cast many "a longing, lingering look behind; and while preparing to cross to Man or Ireland, the enemy appeared in such numbers, and pressed her so closely on all sides, that a desperate conflict became inevitable. Though the Picts fought bravely, the foremost of them fell; and their Queen at last was reduced to such straits, that rather than yield, and thus become the captive of a barbarous conqueror, she leapt from the very apex of the Mull into the sea, and was never more seen alive. Such of her adherents as survived followed, proving by the scene and manner of their death—the farthest confine of the country they claimed, and so long possessed—their bravery and devotedness to the Scottish strand. The tale, though melancholy, may possibly be true; and certainly a more appropriate shrine for such a fearful immolation, could not well be sought, or if sought found, in the wide circle of his Majesty's dominions."

The Recluse of Inchidony, and other Poems.

By J. J. Callanan. Cork, Bolster; London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 138.

The author of this little volume died, we believe, at Lisbon, on the eve of its appearance. The first and longest of the pieces has a great

deal of merit, though occasionally deformed by the errors in taste and judgment, usually incident to young unpractised writers. Poetry, however, cannot be judged of by description; we shall, therefore, proceed at once to present our readers with a sample, which will enable them to decide more satisfactorily for themselves:

"Once more I'm free—the city's din is gone,
And with it wasted days and weary nights;
But bitter thoughts will sometimes rush upon
The heart that ever lov'd its sounds or sights,
To you I fly, lone glens and mountain heights,
From all I hate and much I love—no more
Than this I seek, amid your calm delights,
To learn my spirit's weakness to deplore,
To strive against one vice, and gain one virtue more.

How firm are our resolves, how weak our strife,
We seldom man ourselves enough to brave
The even tides that o'er the sea of life,
Break dangerously sweet from pleasures cave;
False are the lights she kindles o'er the wave,
Man knows her beacon's fatal gleam nor flies,
But as the bird which flight alone could save
Still loves the serpent's fascinating eyes,
Man seeks that dangerous light and in th' enjoyment dies.

But even when pleasures cup the brightest glow'd
And to her revel loudest was the call,
I felt her palace was not my abode,
I fear'd the hand-writing upon the wall,
And said amid my blindness and my thrall,
Could I, as he of Nazareth did do,
But grasp the pillars of her dazzling hall,
And feel again the strength that once I knew
I'd crumble her proud dome, tho' I should perish too.

Is it existence 'mid the giddy throng
Of those who live but o'er the midnight bowl,
To revel in the dance, the laugh, the song,
And all that chains to earth th' immortal soul,
To breathe the tainted air of days that roll
In one dark round of vice—to hear the cries
In ign'ant virtue lifts to glory's goal,
When with unfetter'd pinion she would rise
To deeds that laugh at death and live beyond the skies?

Not such at least should be the poet's life,
Heaven to his soul a nobler impulse gave,
His be the dwelling where there is no strife,
Save the wild conflict of the wind and wave,
His be the music of the ocean cave,
When gentle waves forgetful of their war,
Its rugged breast with whispering fondness lave,
And as he gazes on the evening star,
His heart will leave with joys the world can never mar.

* * * * *
Who, that e'er wandered in the calm blue night,
To see the moon upon some silent lake,
And as it trembled to her kiss of light,
Heard low soft sounds from his glad waters break,
Who that look'd upward to some mountain peak,
That rose disdaining earth—or o'er the sea
Sent eye, sent thought in vain its bounds to seek,
Who thus could gaze, nor wish his soul might be
Like those great works of God, sublime and pure and free?

* * * * *
'Tis a delightful calm! there is no sound,
Save the low murmur of the distant rill,
A voice from heaven is breathing all around,
Bidding the earth and restless man be still,
Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's hill,
And on the shore the shining ripples break,
Gently and whisperingly at Nature's will,
Like some fair child that on its mother's cheek,
Sinks fondly to repose in kisses pure and meek.

'Tis sweet when Earth and Heaven such silence keep,
With pensive step to gain some headland's height,
And look across the wide extended deep,
To where its farthest waters sleep in light,
Or gaze upon those orbs so fair and bright,
Still burning on in Heaven's unbounded space,
Like Seraphs bending o'er life's dreary night,
And with their look of love their smile of peace,
Wooing the weary soul to her high resting place.

Such was the hour the harp of Judah pour'd
Those strains no lyre of earth had ever rung,
When to the God his trembling soul adored
O'er the rapt chords the minstrel monarch hung—
Such was the time when Jeremiah sung
With more than Angel's grief the sceptre torn
From Israel's land, the desolate streets among
Ruin gave back his cry 'till cheerless morn,
Return thee to thy God, Jerusalem return.

Fair moon I too have lov'd thee, love thee still,
Tho' life to me hath been a chequered scene
Since first with boyhood's bound I climb'd the hill
To see the dark wave catch thy silvery sheen,
Or when I sported on my native green
With many an innocent heart beneath thy ray,
Careless of what might come or what had been
When passions slept and virtue's holy ray
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely day.

O that I were once more what I was then
With soul unsullied and with heart unscar'd,
Before I mingled with the herd of men
In whom all trace of man had disappear'd;
Before the calm pure morning star that cheer'd,
And sweetly lured me on to virtue's shrine
Was clouded—or the cold green turf was rear'd
Above the laurel that warmly beat to mine
Could I be that once more I need not now repine.

But man was born for suffering, and to bear
Even pain is better than a dull repose,
'Tis noble to subdue the rising tempest,
'Tis glorious to outlive the heart's sick throes;
Man is most man amid the heaviest woes,
And strongest when least human aid is given,
The stout bark founders when the tempest blows,
The mountain oak is by the lightning riven,
But what can crush the mind that lives alone with heaven?

Deep in the solitude of his own heart
With his own thoughts he'll hold communion high,
Tho' with his fortune's ebb false friends depart
And leave him on life's desert shore to lie
Tho' all forsake him and the world belie—
The world, that fiend of scandal, strife, and crime,
Yet has he that which cannot change or die,
His spirit still thro' fortune, fate and time,
Lives like an Alpine peak, lone, stainless, and sublime.

Well spoke the Moralist who said "the more
I mixed with men the less a man I grew;"
Who can behold their follies nor deplore
The many days he prodigally threw
Upon their sickening vanities—ye few
In whom I sought for men, not sought in vain,
Proud without pride—in friendship firm and true,
Oh! that some far off island of the main
Held you and him you love—the wish is but a pain.

My wishes are all such—no joy is mine
Save thus to stray my native wilds among
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine,
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song,
They come but fitfully nor linger long,
And this sad harp ne'er yields a tone of pride,
Its voice ne'er pour'd the battle-tide along
Since freedom sunk beneath the Saxon's stride,
And by the Assassin's steel the grey-hair'd Desmond died.

Sad one of Desmond, could this feeble hand
But teach thee tones of freedom and of fire,
Such as were heard o'er Hellas' glorious land,
From the high Lesbian harp or Chian lyre,
Thou should'st not wake to sorrow, but aspire
To themes like theirs; but yonder see where hurl'd
The crescent prostrate lies—the clouds retire
From freedom's heaven—the cross is wide unfurld,
There breaks again that light—the beacon of the world."

Then follows an enthusiastic panegyric upon Greece, and on Lord Byron, in the midst of which it is vexatious to meet with an apostrophe to the then unemancipated Irish Roman Catholics, conceived in such wretched taste as the following ungrammatical, unpoetical, and untrue stanza:

"But no! thine heart is broke, thine arm is weak
Whose thou could see God's image not to sigh,
Famine hath plough'd his journeys on thy cheek,
Despair hath made her dwelling in thine eye,
The lordly Churchman rides unheeding by,
He fattens on the sweat that dries thy brain,
The very dogs that in his kennel lie
Hold revels to thy fare! but don't complain
He has the cure of souls—the law doth so ordain."

The conclusion of the poem approaches more nearly to the beauty of its commencement:

"Thou hast not often seen my clouded brow;
The tear I strove with, thou hast never seen;
The load of life that did my spirit bow
Was hid beneath a calm or mirthful mien;
The wild flowers blossom and the dew-drops sheen
Will fling their light and beauty o'er the spot,
Where in its cold dark chamber all unseen
The water trickles thro' the lonely grot,
And weeps itself to stone—such long hath been my lot

It matters not what was, or is the cause,
I wish not even thy faithful breast to know
The grief which magnet-like my spirit draws
True to itself above life's waves of woe,
The gleams of happiness I feel below,
A while may play around me and depart
Like sunlight on the eternal hills of snow,
It gilds their brow but never warms their heart,
Such cold and cheerless beam doth joy to me impart.

The night is spent, our task is ended now,
See yonder steals the green and yellow light,
The lady of the morning lifts her brow
Gleaming thro' dew of Heaven, all pure and bright,
The calm waves heave with tremulous delight,
The far Seven-Heads thro' mists of purple smile,
The bark ascends from Inchidony's height,
'Tis morning—sweetest one of my native life,
Wild voice of Desmond hush—go rest thee for awhile."

A number of miscellaneous and lyrical pieces follow, some of which we had seen before; but the first, from which we have quoted so largely, is, we think, decidedly the best. On the whole, we think this little volume possesses powerful claims on the patronage of the Irish public, and especially on the inhabitants of Mr. Callanan's native city, the queen of the South, the star of Munster, so justly celebrated for its literary taste and acumen.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An English Spelling Book, containing all the common words in the language. To which is prefixed an Introduction, in three parts; exhibiting, I. The sounds of the letters. II. The quantities of syllables. III. A rhythmical classification of words. With an appendix, containing several useful tables. by the Rev. Richard Roe, A. B. Author of the Principles of Rhythm in Speech and Music.—Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

THE distinguishing characteristics of this spelling-book are, in a great measure, apparent from its title; as it contains all the common words of our language, under such an arrangement as shows, with scientific exactness, all their oral properties of sound, quantity, and rhythm, and all their written analogies and anomalies. We know not any objection that can be made to the author's plan, which he has not obviated in his preface. Subjoined to the work are five useful tables: I. Different spelling and the same pronunciation. II. Different pronunciation and the same spelling. III. Unsettled spelling. IV. Unsettled pronunciation—the first of which only we have seen elsewhere. After these remarks, it is needless to say we recommend the book, which, on the whole, comprises so much new, and at the same time necessary matter, as serves to teach the teacher, for which, indeed, we think it chiefly adapted, as well as to furnish him with the means of teaching others; it is also calculated to afford more assistance to foreigners, we think, than is to be obtained even from most pronouncing dictionaries.

A compendious German Grammar, with a dictionary of prefixes and affixes. By A. Bernays.—London, Treuttel, and Co.

THIS is a "nice little book," of 60 small square pages. The notes and tables respecting the genders and declensions seem much more simple and concise than we have ever seen them made before, and those on syntax are clear though brief. We trust and believe that the shortness and simplicity of this little work, will tempt many to make acquaintance with the noblest of continental languages, who have hitherto been deterred by the fear of encountering on the threshold a long and formidable grammar. M. Bernays was the editor of the German Poetical Anthology.

A Compendium of Modern Geography. By the Rev. Alex. Stewart. Second Edition, thoroughly revised and extended. 12mo. pp. 300.—Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd—and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

MR. STEWART is well known in Scotland, as a most successful compiler of elementary books

of instruction. The present work is calculated to sustain and advance his reputation. It is clear, brief, and for its purpose, sufficient. The most recent information is uniformly, and, as far as we examined, accurately given. After the leading features of each country have been set down, with remarks and exercises upon them, the rest of the less important details are thrown into the gazeteer form, an arrangement which adds considerably to the facility of reference. The book is illustrated by ten maps, and is a very cheap as well as excellent compendium of geography.

A Concise System of Mathematics. By Alexander Ingram. 2nd Edition.—Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 8vo. pp. 432.

THIS is a concise course of practical mathematics. It contains the elements of geometry, algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, mensuration of surfaces, solids, heights, and distances, land surveying, measuring of tradesmen's work, with something of logarithms, conic sections and fluxions. It is a work of practical utility, containing all that is necessary on these subjects to the measurer or mechanic, arranged in a clear and accurate manner. To all whose business or inclination inclines them to apply the principles of mathematics to practice, we can warmly recommend this as a valuable guide.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

1. *The Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine.* No. 57. March, 1830.

THE miscellaneous department of this ably conducted Magazine, is the only one which comes legitimately within the province of our review. This month it is exceedingly good. We refer especially to the first paper under this head, which is the reply of C. O. to Laicus Corcagiensis, who accused him, in a letter to the Editor, of romancing, and Romanism and what not—because, in an article on church reform in a preceding number, he had ventured to censure the proceedings of the lay-meeting, at which Lord Mountcashel presided, in Cork. The reply of C. O. is at once argumentative and racy. While he deprecates, as he should, the most distant idea of giving offence to so excellent a nobleman as Lord Mountcashel, he regrets, even for the respect he bears him, that he had not left the whole weight of reforming our church establishment, to those who could better spare their time for such unprofitable speculations—to the feeless physicians, the briefless lawyers, the deserted beef-coopers, and desolate dry-salters of Cork. There is a rich vein of dry humour and caustic sarcasm, at the expense of his Corcagian antagonist, pervading the entire paper, which, though evidently tempered and subdued, by the writer's recollection of what was due to his character and avowed profession of a churchman, still bubbles up in spite of him, in odd illustrations and roguish expressions, which render the article a very amusing, as well as spirited and sensible one. No. 4, of the Sketches of the Irish Peasantry, by Wilton, is in the usual graphic style of accurate delineation in which that writer excels.

2. *The Dublin Monthly Magazine.* No. 3. For March, 1830.

A very respectable number, in which we are glad to see, that our hint of taking up politics has been adopted, though, not at all in the manner we should think most interesting. It is not long-winded treatises on free trade and political economy, that will attract and gratify the readers of such a miscellany, but practical papers, that apply at once to the current proceedings of the legislature, and evince a thorough knowledge of the measures and the men that are, even now, the objects of attention to the British nation.

The Limerick Monthly Magazine. No. 1.—March, 1830.

THE originators of this Magazine have kindly spared us the trouble, and to elderly gentlemen of settled habits, like ourselves, the unpleasantness, of making a new acquaintance. This was easily effected by a little judicious management, and we are happy to recognise, among the articles of the first number, the "old familiar faces" of many of those venerable friends, who have been going the rounds of the monthly and hebdomadal periodicals these forty years, and are thus endeared to us by early association.

Magazines of highest note and standing, however, on the other side of the channel too, have lately been a little given this way, and as this is but a first appearance, we reserve the more detailed expression of our opinion for a second number, which will, we hope, be an improvement on the first.

The London University Magazine, for March.

THIS excellent Magazine continues to be spiritedly and ably conducted. Amongst a great variety of interesting articles, there is one this month on our Irish University. To this subject, we are far from thinking that justice is done.—It is not true, as stated in the paper in question, that in Dublin University, three years are spent in reading portions of Euripides, Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Longinus. But the consideration of the system of education pursued in our University, is so important, that we shall reserve it for a special paper on the subject.

The British Magazine, for March.

THE British Magazine has been unfortunately so late in arriving to us, that we have only time and space to say, that we continue to think it one of the best as well as cheapest of British Magazines, and hope to see it speedily gain that extended circulation in this country, which it so richly deserves to meet with every where.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe, relatif à la captivité de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène.—Paris, 1830.

WE promised our readers some account of this book, as it has excited considerable interest in Paris; so much so, indeed, that the copy with which we have been favoured, was not to be procured without difficulty, owing to the rapid sale of the work. So anxiously does the French people still hang with fond recollection upon that man, (as he is now emphatically styled,) that man, (as he is now emphatically styled,)